

WHITE KNOCKS OUT BARRETT AT VELODROME

Right to Heart Crushes Onrushing Philadelphian

Fatal Ten Is Finished Only Three Seconds Short of End of Session—About 12,000 See Chicago Lightweight Earn Another Chance With Leonard.

By W. O. MCGEEHAN.

Charley White, otherwise Mr. Charles Anckowicz, last night won the right to be hit on the chin again by Benny Leonard. White knocked out Bobby Barrett of Philadelphia in the third round at the New York Velodrome. The fight was not accomplished with the famous Chicago left hook. It was a right under the heart that spilled the sorrel topped pride of the Quaker City and White sprawled over him as he dropped.

The end came abruptly. Barrett had been giving White a good battle for two rounds. He bisected Mr. Anckowicz's nose with an accurate left and the Chicagoan seemed all mused up and on his way to be still more mused up.

Barrett had missed a few wild swings and White was backing him into his own corner. They were at close quarters and Barrett was just ready to let go with a few more swings when he crumpled and dropped forward to the canvas. White had caught him with a right uppercut that doubled him up and dropped him. White was pressing him so eagerly that he went down with him.

Now for Leonard!



CHARLEY WHITE, Who, on his way to another bout with the lightweight champion, beat Barrett last night.

Milam Pays \$5,000 for Colt at Saratoga Yearling Sale

S. D. Riddle Purchases Bay Colt for Sum of \$4,000.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.
SARATOGA SPRING, N. Y., Aug. 7.—The second of the local yearling sales was held tonight at the Fasig-Tipton paddocks. Prices obtained were not as good as on the opening night of the sale season last week. Tonight forty-one yearlings were offered, the hammer on the total amount realized being \$4,550, an average per head of \$115.

Top price of the night was brought by a bay colt sired by Imported Short Grass, out of Intrigue. J. C. Milam paid \$5,000 for this colt, the seller being the Short Grass Stud Company. The same company also obtained the second highest price of the sale, \$4,800, paid by William Martin for a bay colt by Pennant—Gentleman.

S. D. Riddle bought a bay colt by Campfire—Edna Marie for \$4,000, the seller being R. H. McCarty. Riddle also bought a bay colt by Pennant—Gentleman for \$4,000.

White suddenly shot over a right to the heart, dropping Barrett for a count of ten. He counted seven minutes and fifty-seven seconds after the bell rang for the third round.

In a preliminary Jackie Green of The Bronx and George Gorman of England boxed four rounds to a draw. The boys did not overexert themselves to any extent.

Rosenberg and Krug Are to Box at Velodrome

Dave Rosenberg of Brooklyn and Phil Krug of Newark will meet in a fifteen round bout at the New York Velodrome next Monday night. Rosenberg was the second man to post a forfeit with the Boxing Commission as a guaranty for weight and appearance for a match with Middleweight Champion Johnny Wilson or Harry Greb. Both refused the match at the present time and Krug was considered the next best man for the Brooklyn aspirant.

Rosenberg is considered one of the leading corners in the middleweight division. Since he left the amateur ranks Dave has had only two decisions given against him, both by the Italian Joe Gans both winning over him by a referee's decision. He fractured two of Gans's ribs at Ebbets Field.

Bobby Michaels Knocks Out Al McRae in the Third

Bobby Michaels, the hard hitting New York lightweight, stopped Al McRae of Brooklyn after three rounds of hard fighting at the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn last night.

McRae took so much punishment that he could not come out for the bell in the fourth stanza. His seconds threw in a towel as the bell rang. The bout was scheduled for twelve rounds.

In the semi-final of eight rounds Sailor Tex Hall won from Frank D'Annizio. In a six round contest Willie Garber defeated Al Archer.

A. A. U. Boxing Tourney.

Entry blanks are out for the open amateur boxing tournament to be held under the auspices of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union at the New York Velodrome August 16 and 17. The following classes will be contested: 118, 128, 138, 147, 158 and heavyweight.

American Women Athletes Arrive at Cherbourg

CHERBOURG, Aug. 7.—Fifteen women athletes who will represent the United States in the international games scheduled to begin August 26 in the Pershing Stadium, near Paris, arrived here today on the steamship Aquitania. They said they had an agreeable voyage, during which they kept up daily training.

All were in good health and spirits and expressed confidence that they would give a good account of themselves in the forthcoming meet.

O'Rourke's Revenge For Lele Majeste

Or the Horrible Case of Eddie Forbes—A Gripping Tale of the Ring.

By DANIEL.

James Edward Forbes, better known as Eddie, yesterday obtained a warrant in the Flatbush Court for the arrest of Thomas F. O'Rourke, charging assault in the third degree. James Edward is a boxing reporter for the Brooklyn Daily Eagle as well as a referee of local fights. While Thomas F. is none other than Old Tom, Deputy Boxing Commissioner and former manager of fighters—Valcott and Dixon among them. Tom also manager Fred Fulton but has not been heard bragging about that. At any rate, James got out a warrant for Thomas—and thereby hangs a tale.

The scene shifts to yesterday morning at eight. James Edward is on his downy couch at 745 President street, Brooklyn. In common parlance, James is pounding his ear. There is a wild commotion in front of the house and a barking of dogs. James is dreaming a sweet dream—he is seeing Johnny Buff knock out Jess Willard—a dream, but a possibility, withal. James had a delicious supper on Sunday—and the trumpets wake him and as he gazes from his window he sees the official vermilion coach and four of the Royal Boxing Commission of the Empire State of New York draw up in front of his domicile.

Two of the horses are pink and two are violet—but that may be due to that delicious supper. A red and a white coach steps forth from the coach and brings out a parchment on a hand embroidered rosin's egg cushion. It is a ukase from the royal commission—and the bird in the breeches looks at it and reads it down and hear his doom. The bird reads:

"You are hereby notified that your license, No. 162, is suspended and that you are barred from all licensed clubs in this State. (Signed) H. P. Burcell, secretary of the Boxing Commission."

"Why? Wherefore?" Graps Eddie. Forbes seizes the parchment and stands stunned. Why? Wherefore? The light dawns on him. And without stopping to eat his breakfast or even to kiss his family James Edward rushes post haste to the Flatbush court, where he gets the warrant from Magistrate Eliphalet. As for that warrant—thereby hangs another tale.

It is a tale of the wide open blows where men are men and blows are blown—a gripping tale of lele majeste and a sock on the mouth, a gripping yarn of a wallop, a hastily won or two or three, and revenge! Wow, what a tale!

The scene shifts again. It is last Wednesday night and Ebbets Field is ablaze with lights. The Flatbush mosquitoes are singing a sweet refrain. Pepper Martin and Kid Sullivan are to swap blows. James Edward Forbes is in the crowd and most honorable capacity of reporter for the honorable and august Eagle, is sitting at the ringside, near Deputy Boxing Commissioner John R. Vanderhook.

There is a stir. Hark! Thousands rise to their feet with heads bowed, for who is coming in but Thomas F. O'Rourke, closed in his regal robes of majesty, the State Boxing Commission. There is a deep hush as his ponderous deputismy moves toward the ringside. But here words fall us. Let Forbes continue:

"I was sitting up there quite quietly, behaving and all that sort of thing, when up steps this man O'Rourke with Tex Rickard and one of the Kinglings and comes to my seat. There isn't much room in that vicinity, what with the other crowd and O'Rourke, and this man O'Rourke waves his right hand at me and announces to one of his guests, 'Here is a seat!'

"I waved my head at him and said with one of my best smiles: 'Oh, no, not this time. I've got the duck here. I'm working at this fight. I gotta be right up here to see everything and report the ditties for my paper.'

"Well, you'll never sit here again, says this guy O'Rourke to me, and I'm kinda surprised. What's he got against me? I didn't do anything. I'm Irish up and I apout: 'I'll sit here every time I get assigned to these fights.'

"What does this bird O'Rourke do but massage my mouth with that broadside of one of his hands. I get up and tried to sock his majesty on the mush, but this deputy Vanderhook stops me. A couple of other newspaper men run to my assistance, but I tell them 'This is my private fight!'

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"O'Rourke's Fine Strategy. After socking me O'Rourke walked away, which is good strategy for O'Rourke. The fights begin and I go to work, to the matter blows over. Then comes this red decree suspending my license as a referee and notifying all persons in the boxing game to pass me up like a case of yellow jack. What was the charge of the Boxing Commission? Do I get suspended for not socking O'Rourke or do I get suspended for letting O'Rourke sock me? The whole mess isn't clear to me."

"James Edward is still wondering last night. O'Rourke had not yet been arrested. At the same time came another royal ukase from the commission, that the license of B. H. Benton, manager, had been revoked for disrespect to the Royal Commission. Horror of Horrors! Lele Majeste! Men have been hanged for less."

"Can you imagine what would have happened in the old days when champions walloped challengers and other objectionable persons in ordinary barroom fights and the word 'disrespect' was used to the language of the fancy? Yea, bo, the times have changed. The serial will be continued to-day. Don't miss it. 'The Arrest of His Majesty the Deputy,' with bloodhounds and the like."

Congratulate K. of C. Head.

Amateur athletes throughout the country have sent messages of congratulation to the headquarters of the Knights of Columbus on the election of William C. Prout, president of the A. A. U. and State deputy of the K. of C. of Massachusetts, to the supreme board of directors of the organization. Prout is the youngest member of the K. of C. supreme board, having just turned 32. He is the author of a code of government of athletes among the 2,400 councils of the K. of C. which it is contemplated to enact in the future.

Amateurs Box To-night.

An open air amateur boxing tournament will be staged by the Crescent Athletic Club to-night at its Bay Ridge club house, Eighty-fifth street and Shore road, Brooklyn. There will be four classes contested, one of which will be a light heavyweight.

Rancocas Mud Runners Win 3 Races in a Row

Aladdin, Little Chief and Edict Revel in Saratoga's Soft Going—Montford Jones's Miss Cerina Scores Another for the West.

By HENRY V. KING.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.
SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 7.—Over a track fetlock deep with mud, Harry F. Sinclair's horses were at home here this afternoon. Then ran as if they and they only had been bred mud runners. They won three races in a row and in two of them merely galloped through the final furlong to win as they pleased.

Mr. Sinclair's first victory came in the second race when his Aladdin, a two-year-old black son of Dick Pinnell and Viola Vail, led home some good young ones. He didn't win easily. He was being driven as hard as Fator could drive him to win the post by a head from H. Hewitt's Banter, who was only an inch or two in front of John E. Madden's bay filly Best Love.

Banter had a world of early speed and before the first quarter of a mile had been run he was half a dozen lengths in front and running so easily it seemed as if he couldn't be beaten, but when he straightened out for the run home he began to tire and Best Love, who had been running second, began to gain on him. At the final sixteenth pole it looked as if Best Love would win, but Aladdin, coming with a rush on the side stuck his head in front of both of them and earned the major portion of the purse.

Mr. Sinclair's second success came in the third race, the North Creek Handicap for three-year-olds at one mile. In this event Little Chief carried his allies Brown's Hephastus and twice that distance in front of Montford Jones's Rockmaster. Little Chief led from start to finish and although a real tired colt at the end he was never in danger of defeat.

Edict Rumps Home.

Edict was Mr. Sinclair's third victory. He romped home ahead of a big field in the Schuylerville, a five and a half furlong stake for juveniles. Like Little Chief she had little difficulty winning the race. The light dawns on him. And without stopping to eat his breakfast or even to kiss his family James Edward rushes post haste to the Flatbush court, where he gets the warrant from Magistrate Eliphalet. As for that warrant—thereby hangs another tale.

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to all race goers and the stewards there were chagrined but allowed it to pass and wait for another reversal from that stable. In the very next start Zed came out and finished absolutely last. This day he was a different horse and following the pace to the stretch ran under his field and catching the leaders at the eighth pole went to the front and won easily.

Good Times Wins for Mr. Coaden.

J. S. Coaden braved the bad weather despite his recent illness to see his three-year-old colt Good Times run in the final race and he was well rewarded. Good Times ran the best race of his career and beat a high class field in a gallop. He followed E. G. Soules's Silvercane for a furlong then sped in commanding position and had little difficulty in winning the race by three lengths. Silvercane finished second and Violinist was third.

While at the barrier Billy Oliver's Dexterous unsentenced Garner and ran away from the field. Garner was a good race and finished a bang up fourth. Because of the wretched conditions of the track one of the best cards of the meeting was spoiled. In the six races the Rancocas were victorious. The rain here again to-night and the track is sure to be in bad condition again to-morrow. Although the track is one of the finest in the country and dries out quickly there does seem to be much chance of it being fast again before next Saturday.

Saratoga Entries.

First Race—Claiming, maidens; two-year-olds; five furlongs. Wt. 110 lbs. 1.00. 2.00. 3.00. 4.00. 5.00. 6.00. 7.00. 8.00. 9.00. 10.00. 11.00. 12.00. 13.00. 14.00. 15.00. 16.00. 17.00. 18.00. 19.00. 20.00. 21.00. 22.00. 23.00. 24.00. 25.00. 26.00. 27.00. 28.00. 29.00. 30.00. 31.00. 32.00. 33.00. 34.00. 35.00. 36.00. 37.00. 38.00. 39.00. 40.00. 41.00. 42.00. 43.00. 44.00. 45.00. 46.00. 47.00. 48.00. 49.00. 50.00. 51.00. 52.00. 53.00. 54.00. 55.00. 56.00. 57.00. 58.00. 59.00. 60.00. 61.00. 62.00. 63.00. 64.00. 65.00. 66.00. 67.00. 68.00. 69.00. 70.00. 71.00. 72.00. 73.00. 74.00. 75.00. 76.00. 77.00. 78.00. 79.00. 80.00. 81.00. 82.00. 83.00. 84.00. 85.00. 86.00. 87.00. 88.00. 89.00. 90.00. 91.00. 92.00. 93.00. 94.00. 95.00. 96.00. 97.00. 98.00. 99.00. 100.00. 101.00. 102.00. 103.00. 104.00. 105.00. 106.00. 107.00. 108.00. 109.00. 110.00. 111.00. 112.00. 113.00. 114.00. 115.00. 116.00. 117.00. 118.00. 119.00. 120.00. 121.00. 122.00. 123.00. 124.00. 125.00. 126.00. 127.00. 128.00. 129.00. 130.00. 131.00. 132.00. 133.00. 134.00. 135.00. 136.00. 137.00. 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